

THE WORLD.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage).

PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887.

83,389,828.

Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:

THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 16, 1881.

Year.	Total.	Daily Average.
1881	8,151,157	22,331
1882	12,235,234	33,541
1883	28,159,785	77,192
1884	31,241,267	86,387
1885	70,136,041	192,126
1886	83,389,828	228,465

Sunday World's Record:

Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was 14,727.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was 24,054.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was 79,985.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was 166,636.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267.

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

Year.	Tons.	Dz.
1881	1,423,299	1,423,299
1882	1,423,299	1,423,299
1883	1,423,299	1,423,299
1884	1,423,299	1,423,299
1885	1,423,299	1,423,299
1886	1,423,299	1,423,299
1887	1,423,299	1,423,299

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

ANYTHING OR NOTHING.

Tammany Hall's tariff resolution is not a brilliant production.

It may mean anything or nothing.

Bighly declaring that "free trade is a myth," it calls for a tariff that "will protect American industry and insure the highest wages and make the necessities of life as cheap as possible for the workmen."

A 47 per cent. tariff, collecting three-fourths of its duties from necessities, is not such a tariff. Why didn't Tammany say so?

SOMETHING TO ARBITRATE.

Coal Oar CORBIN insists that "there is nothing to arbitrate" with the striking miners—that the Reading Company cannot afford to pay the wages demanded and will not consider it.

The report just made to the Reading stockholders, showing a net profit of over \$12,000,000 for the railroad and the Coal and Iron Company for last year, disproves Mr. Coan's assertion.

It is nonsense to say that the company cannot pay, at the present high prices for coal, the wages which it paid from September to Jan. 1st.

AMERICAN GIRLS' RIGHTS.

The strike of the Newark thread-mill operatives involves two inalienable rights of the American working girl.

One is the right to "look pretty," and the other the right to respectful treatment by her foreman.

The imported Scotch Superintendent, according to one of the aggrieved strikers, declared that the girls were "too well dressed," and threatened to "take away our little toilet accommodations, and pull off our bustles."

Mr. WANSLEY had better go back to Scotland. The American girls will never consent to have their attire regulated by a horrid man. They will defend their bustles with their last dollar.

A POOLISH COMPLAINT.

Senator VORLES' complaint of the vexation and trouble caused by the collection of the internal revenue taxes on whiskey in his State, is not a very sensible one.

It is only violators or evaders of the law who are subjected to espionage and search.

If a man undertakes to conceal property that is taxable under the State law of North Carolina, is "his cabin his castle?" When he returns from a foreign tour, is his trunk secure from search?

The Internal Revenue law is "odious" only to men who wish to gain an advantage over their honest neighbors by evading it.

An illogical and unjust mob was that which tarred and feathered a defenseless woman for "causing trouble in the family of a married man," and never molested the man. Sauce for the goose ought to be served to the gander also.

Senator HOAR will probably have less hankering after the Pacific Railway Commissioners' reports when the President's Message is sent in with them. There will be a rattling of the dry bones in some whitened sepulchres.

Happy thought: Show the two police clubbers to the entire force at each station before their wounds heal as an object-lesson against the too ready use of the locust.

Boss PLATT will have the hayseed raked out of his hair with a fine-tooth comb before he undertakes to get into another metropolitan office.

As the coal prices go up, Clear CORBIN sees less and less reason to settle the strike.

AMONG THE ANAWANDAS.

Annual reception next Monday evening at Irving Hall.

The Anawandas are the pride of the Eighteenth Ward and their membership is on the increase.

The club-house is at the corner of Twentieth street and Second avenue, and is handsomely furnished.

The club has been in existence twenty years. Edwin Booth christened it. One of the original members was a friend of the actor.

The "High Jinks" or social entertainments of the Anawandas are always enjoyable.

The officers are President, William F. MacNamara; Vice-Presidents, Henry R. Hovey and Thomas Brogan; Secretaries, George F. Kretz and James DeLauney; Treasurer, Charles Murphy.

"Counselor" Thomas F. Crawford would be tickled to death if he became the next President of the club.

J. Lobster Hanna is electioneering for "Counselor" Crawford, and threatens to use pistols if there is a contest.

Dr. George F. Kretz, one of the Secretaries, regrets that his practice keeps him away from the club.

"Uncle" Timothy Ledwith is the champion pinboiler player. He owns a fast trotter and an open-faced buggy.

Frederick R. Browning, ex-President, possesses the handsomest pair of whiskers in the ward.

George F. McCann is the blonde Adonis of the club. He has bet a bottle of wine that he will be the handsomest man at the ball.

Andrew Roberts is a great admirer of the writings of H. Rider Haggard, while Edward P. Haggard prefers Zola.

Assemblyman Edward P. Hagan practices billiards in Albany and on Saturday evenings defeats his unpracticed friends in the club's billiard-room. He is the carom confidence man of the club.

Kaufman Morris and Nathan Farnbacher are the Damon and Pythias of the club. Kauf presented Nate with a box of cigars for a New Year's present. The cigars were Kauf's own make and were warranted "the best for the price—three for a quart."

Col. Theodore A. Hamilton wears seven medals voted by him by organizations as the champion rumor distributor of the city.

David Gulespie has had a new swallow-tail built for next Monday evening.

John Daney is the St. John man of the club. He is arranging for a series of temperance lectures. Richard Plunkitt is to be his advance agent.

M. O'Meara is a faithful adherent of Tammany Hall, and swears by Gen. Spaulding's big shirt collar.

Theodore A. Kirk is handsome when he smiles at a joke. He is organizing a "trust" to corner tin on cars.

FINE FEATHERS OF ACTORS.

Kyrle Bellow—but everybody knows how he dresses.

Henry Miller wears a Derby hat and a look of unalloyed boyishness.

Dixey's fur coat has become a recognized institution. His little eight-year-old boy has a small edition of it.

Herbert Keelley's chapeau de sole is consummately glossy, and his tan-colored kids are always irreproachable.

Nelson Wheatcroft is always the pink of neatness. His silk hat and tight-fitting overcoat can be seen on Broadway any day.

John Drew dresses like a Wall street broker. Daily is very particular that the members of his company shall not attract attention.

John T. Sullivan looks like an actor because he indulges in a "clean, dramatic shave." Otherwise he is an extremely unassuming citizen.

Robert C. Hilliard always wears a "flower in his coat, la-di-da," which for purity and aroma almost equals that affected by Henry R. Abbey's courtly business manager, Mr. Chatterton.

John A. Mackay's attire is as variable as April weather. He generally wears a tall hat and kids, suggestive of wholesome prosperity, but occasionally his clothes are by no means handsome.

Charles Fisher, that portly and excellent actor, looks like an affluent farmer, and when you meet him on Broadway you have to repress an inclination to ask him about the state of the crops.

WORLDLINGS.

Congressman Fisher, of Michigan, contributed 300 sacks of flour to the poor of West City last week.

Alexander Adair, of Collins, Wis., picked up a meteorite stone the size of a football near his home recently. His little daughter saw it fall and the melted stone disclosed the place where it had struck the earth. He sent it to the University professors at Madison for examination.

A Chicago cigar dealer says that if he had no other way of reckoning time he could tell the day of the week by the kinds of cigars he sells to those of his customers who are clerks. Early in the week they come in promptly and call for "two for a quarter." By Wednesday they ask for a "jocent straight," and when Friday comes along their formula is "Gimme a good five-center."

It is related of "Old Hatcherston," the eccentric Chicago grain "plunger," that he once gave the Rev. Dr. Ryder a check for the entire debt of his church, with the one condition attached to the gift that no one outside of the church trustees should be apprised of the donation. In late years Hatcherston's idiosyncrasies have made him unpopular and sometimes ridiculous, but he still does many kindly deeds.

Visitors in the City.

Ferdinand C. LaRoue, Mayor-elect of Baltimore, is at the Strand.

Among recent arrivals at the Hoffman House are Henry E. Rosier, of Havre, France, and Alfred Kitchin, an insurance man of Boston.

J. T. Lester and R. A. Peters, large dealers in grain, of Chicago, are registered at the Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Miller, of Norfolk, Va., are at the Grand.

The Rev. W. McGeathery, of Middleton, N. Y., and Henry S. Bamford, of England, are registered at the Grand.

Prof. J. W. Boyce, of Princeton, is stopping at the Sturtevant.

Lieut. G. T. Emmens, U. S. N., and Paymaster C. W. Littlefield, U. S. N., are guests of the Victoria.

C. A. Prince, one of Boston's best known young men, is registered at the Victoria.

Booked at the Brunswick are R. Stewart Menzies, M. P., of London, and Miss Menzies.

Senator D. M. Savin, of Minnesota, and P. S. Allison, of Bristol, England, are among the prominent arrivals at the Fifth Avenue.

THE ARTIST AND THE LION.

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IKE VAIL,

The King of Confidence Men.

POLICE CAPT. GASTLIN,

PART II.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD."] APT. GASTLIN, said the gentleman to me, "a rascal round here has done me out of \$75."

"How was that?" said I.

"I came in this morning from a Justice of the Peace. I am a Justice out in Wisconsin and am on my way home. Just as I was leaving the wharf a tall, fine-looking fellow came up to me as I crossed West street and said: 'Sir, do you know of a good restaurant in the neighborhood? I am a stranger in the city and came down here to see about some freight that I want shipped South.'"

"Ah, a tall, good-looking fellow, who didn't know much about New York, was a stranger and so straight in his ways and frank like?" said I.

"Yes, that's the man. Do you know him?" inquired the gentleman, eagerly.

"Well, I rather think I may have seen him before once or twice," I answered. "But you go ahead and finish your story."

"He seemed a very pleasant fellow, and, as you say, he was so frank and outspoken that I was quite taken with him. I told him I was going to get breakfast any way, but that I didn't know much more about New York than he did. 'Well, let us look up some place,' he said. 'I want to get over to Brooklyn to meet a friend, and now that I have settled about my freight I have just time to get breakfast and spend a little while with him before I take the fast express for Philadelphia and Washington. Perhaps we had better go to the Astor House, which is on the corner of Fifth and Broadway.'"

"I slipped after them and picked up with the pair as they reached the avenue. Vail saw me.

"Good morning, Captain," he said with a grin.

"Good morning, Ike. I hope you're not in a hurry because I want you."

"What the deuce do you want me for?" he said.

"Well, I think I may want you to go to a place where they sing twice."

"I don't know as I want to go," he said.

"You'll come along with me now, anyhow. Drop that woman and come quietly or I'll put the handcuffs on you."

"Oh, I'll come. Go ahead, Liz," he said to the woman, without losing his good-natured way.

She lost hers, and gave me a good dose of first-class billingsgate. But I had no time to bother about the woman. I took Ike down, put him in a crowd of twenty men and then brought in the Judge. "Do you see anybody there that you know?"

His eye rested at once on Vail's big figure and he shot over towards him.

"That's the man, Captain," he exclaimed, excitedly. "I want my \$75, you villain."

"I'm afraid I can't give you any \$75, my good fellow. Aren't you mistaken in your man?" said Vail.

To tell the story short, he was committed and sent to Sing Sing for one year and six months.

"I am very much obliged to you for this favor, Capt. Gastlin. You are very kind," he said to me when leaving the court-room.

"I saw him a few days after his year and a half was up downtown. 'Hello, Vail,' I said. 'I thought you were in Sing Sing.'"

"Got out two days ago," he said, with a laugh. "Awfully glad to see you so soon, Captain. You did drop on me, after all, didn't you?"

Vail has not played any confidence game for some time that I know of, and possibly he has repented of his evil ways. But it was a satisfaction to get the oily chap and squeeze him. Still he was as smooth when he saw he was fairly nabbed as when he played Innocence. It would have been a little more satisfaction if he had shown he was mad.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

A Forewoman's Inhuman Treatment of a Fainting Working-Girl.

Complaints are quite numerous from the poor working girls of this city of gross and inhuman treatment on the part of some employers and of men and women placed over as overseers and superintendents.

In the course of his investigation into the work, wages, treatment and social condition of the female wage-workers of New York, an EVENING WORLD reporter incidentally became acquainted with a young woman employed in a large shirt manufactory. She was intelligent and observing, and when pressed for the facts concerning the real condition of the girls employed in the factory where she was to be seen, she gave some information which surprised the reporter and readily substantiated her statement. She said in answer to several questions in the course of the talk: "There are eighty girls and women of ages varying from fourteen to forty years employed in the workroom where I am engaged. The forewoman is an old maid, and she enforces the strictest rules, and treats us in the most inhuman manner."

"I have seen her take a poor, sick girl, who was unable to work, and lead her by the collar to a sewing machine and order her to go to work and make shirts. She said that she was only 'playing off' that she couldn't fool her, and such talk. I tell you she is a devil if ever there was one."

"A short time ago a poor girl fainting from some illness which seized her suddenly, and a companion left her machine and ran to her assistance. The big, brazen forewoman rushed in and said: 'Go back to your work. I'll take care of her and let you know if she dies.'"

"I heard the remark, and it made my blood boil. One of the men in the room dared remonstrate. The girl who fainted was allowed to remain where she fell until the brutal woman saw fit to send some one for restoratives."

"I could tell you more of the bad treatment in our factory, but it makes me sick at heart to think of it. I am going to leave just as soon as I can find other work elsewhere."

VENISON STEAK WENT HEGGING.

[From the Fort Collins (Col.) Courier.] During the hard winter of 1871-72 bands of antelope numbering thousands came into this country in January and February and remained here all winter. Around Park station thousands could have been seen any day. Some of the old hunters and swags were so tired and worn out by their long tramp through the deep snows on the plains that they were caught and held by men on foot and their throats cut.

He seemed so vexed and so willing to trust me for the balance of the sum over the \$75 that I gave it to him," continued the Judge, looking pretty sheepish. "I admit I was a fool, but he was so plausible. The man paid the money to the other, got the receipted bill and finished his breakfast. He thanked me for my courtesy and asked me to wait for a moment while he went to the closet, offering me a cigar before he went, saying: 'I can recommend that cigar as something unusually good.'"

"He took his coat over his arm, and stepped into the next room. I lit the 'Havana' and

began to think my Southern friend was no judge of the weed, for it was the vilest rot of cabbage leaves I ever struck in the shape of a cigar."

"I waited ten minutes, and then called for the bill. His breakfast was \$1.50. I told the waiter the gentleman would return, and paid my own bill. I didn't propose to shoulder all the man's indebtedness."

"Well, of course, he didn't show up—and I have been extravagantly swindled. I'm an ass. The bank has no account with 'E. L. Davidson,' and the check isn't worth a cent. I'll give it to you if you want it. But I would give \$100 to get even with that man. Do you know who he is?"

"Well, I have a very strong notion," said I, "that one of our best-known sharpers, Ike Vail, the King of the Confidence Men, has run in his little game on you. Would you know him again if you saw him?"

"Know him? Among a thousand!" said the Justice.

I put the men at work hunting up Vail. He lived a good part of the time, for he changed his quarters about, with a plump little woman who didn't more than come to his elbow. She had a furnished room up on Sixth avenue.

One of my men engaged a room on the opposite side of the street and watched the house. The woman was shadowed whenever she stirred out. But we didn't get anything for four days.

In the evening of the fourth day Vail had the cheek to come home with the woman, and stayed there all night. Sometimes the best of them will slip up and do a foolish thing. I suppose Vail thought the Judge would not say anything because he would hate to admit being caught by such a thin skin game. I had kept all of the story out of the papers, so he hadn't got on to it that way.

I was told, and the next morning I came up to Sixth avenue and stationed myself in a doorway where I could command the house. Vail and the woman came out about 7 o'clock and walked over towards Fifth avenue.

I slipped after them and picked up with the pair as they reached the avenue. Vail saw me.

"Good morning, Captain," he said with a grin.

"Good morning, Ike. I hope you're not in a hurry because I want you."

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